

Get On The Crafting Table, Dream

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Get On The Crafting Table, Dream

by Anonymous

Summary

Dream and George made another stupid bet over a manhunt. And of course, Dream won.
Uh oh.

the crafting table meme fic that was bound to be written eventually

Notes

Here's the disclaimer that comes with these types of fics: please respect creators and don't shove stuff like this in their faces. Dream has said that the team isn't bothered by the fanfiction and shipping, but everyone should remember that this is all indeed fiction and for fun/self indulgence. This fic uses their MC "personas" and takes place in the MC world.
This is my first time writing smut, so I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There was no way George was actually going to do it. But there was no way Dream was going to let him off the hook.

Like the idiot he refused to admit he was, George had once again made a bet with his green bastard of a best friend over their next manhunt: whoever lost would have to 'do the crafting table meme' to the winner. It was a little inside joke made by their buddy Sapnap, in which someone sitting on a

crafting table would become the recipient of a certain sexual activity. It really just boiled down into telling another person to "get on the crafting table" as flirty banter, and of course, no one ever had any intention to actually go through with it.

George had absolutely no idea how seriously Dream was taking this.

He must be hanging around the blond a little too much these days, because George had been at a dangerous level of self-confidence when he agreed to the deal. He really had been getting better at manhunts though. Once again, Dream had taken the role of hunter and George the hunted, and for a while, George had been doing almost too well. He had fought quite valiantly in their few skirmishes, found great places to gather resources, and managed to survive Dream's tricky traps. But when it had mattered the most, George panicked and fell victim to the Dragon while being chased by his best friend and hordes of screeching enderman. For the rest of the day he had been bombarded by the other boy's teasing about what he would have to do while George spent his time dreading what would come after the next sunrise.

And now, here they were. George had managed to stall until the evening, but frightened by what Dream might do if he didn't at least show up, he returned home to find his best friend waiting for him in the kitchen, a brand new crafting table placed smack dab in the center of the room. Dream just stood there, his hand resting on its smooth wooden surface, allowing him to slightly lean on it. George stayed by the entrance to the room, simply staring at the other.

"I thought you were gonna chicken out," Dream taunted, a smirk plastered on his face. George glared at him, but he could feel a slight heat beginning to rise to his cheeks, and he could imagine that annoying amused glint in his friend's supposedly green eyes which hid behind a mask.

"Whatever, Dream," was all George discovered he could say. The fear and embarrassment was already beginning to circulate through him. He dragged his eyes away from Dream's mask and opted to looking at literally anything else in the room. The silence had almost become awkward before Dream decided to speak again.

"Well? You're the one who has to say it," Dream said, crossing his arms over his chest to show his growing impatience. George fidgeted with the hem of his t-shirt.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he replied, the tone of his voice trying and failing to show that he was definitely not nervous at all. George took a small step forward, and he could tell Dream's eyes were glued to him, observing every little movement.

"So do I just..." mumbled George, eyes still wandering around the room. Dream tilted his head at the shorter boy, as if to say *'you know exactly what you're supposed to do'*. George was running out of options. He took another small step forward, still a bit more than a meter away from the other.

It was time to accept defeat.

George closed his eyes and took a deep breath, and turned his gaze up to the stupid smiley face draw across Dream's plain white mask. He knew by now his own face was a burning bright red. He saw his friend shift ever so slightly in anticipation.

"So, uhm, Dream..." he began, searching for the words he had shoved into the back of his brain, back when he was so confident that they would never come out of his mouth. Finally he grabbed them, and after a small gulp that was the literal equivalent of him swallowing his pride, George opened his mouth and spoke.

"Get on the crafting table, Dream,"

George had even surprised himself at the seductive tone in his voice. He watched as Dream vibrated and bent over, containing his signature wheezing laughter. Then he watched a lot more nervously as Dream composed himself and sat down on the edge of the crafting table, still tall enough for his feet to rest perfectly flat on the floor. His legs were spread apart for it to still be considered a normal sitting position, but the devilish smirk on Dream's face showed exactly why he had positioned himself this way.

To his own horror, George found himself walking up to his friend, stopping where if Dream closed his legs, their knees might almost brush together. George stared down at his friend, their height difference reversed, silently questioning what the hell he was doing. Even if he took the mask off, George guessed that Dream's eyes would still be unreadable, so he waited for another signal from the blond that would help him complete this stupid bet.

"You asked for this, Georgie," Dream stated, his voice low and sing-songy, reminding the brown-haired boy of honey for some odd reason. George almost jumped back when Dream reached out and softly grasped a few of his fingertips with his own, offering some strange form of encouragement to his friend.

As his heart thumped rapidly in his chest, George slowly lowered himself into his knees, folding his legs underneath him. He kept his head down, not wanting to continue showing Dream the likely pathetic look on his face. It was so quiet inside the room, and George felt that he might suffocate in the silence.

"I, uh..." George rasped, his throat dry. The man towering over him seemed to soften a bit, finally showing his own uncertainties about crossing the line of simple friendship they had built for years.

"Hey..." George finally looked up at Dream. The blond continued quietly, "We don't have to do it. I don't want to do it if you're not okay with it." The empathy in his voice filled George with a warm comfort, reminding him that the other man was still his best friend, and cared about him more than George felt he deserved to be. But he had also picked up the tiniest hint of disappointment when Dream had spoken, and it had set off a spark of determination inside George.

George adjusted his posture and placed a shaky hand on Dream's knee. The taller boy perked up a bit, but still seemed to want a proper confirmation.

"I'm okay," George whispered, and began to move his hand up Dream's leg. His movements were slow, his thumb rubbing small circles on his Dream's inner thigh. For the first time, George dared to look directly at the other's crotch, where he could see a significant bulge growing. He paused his hand right before he reached, mentally preparing himself for what he was about to do. He glanced up at Dream, who seemed to be entranced by him, lips slightly parted, holding his breath in anticipation. George brushed his fingertips over Dream's clothed erection, causing him to sit up even taller.

"C'mon already," Dream breathed, sounding impatient. George pulled at Dream's zipper, deliberately going slower than necessary, savoring the limited amount of power he had in his position. Deciding to spare his friend from another minute of annoyance, George made quick work of pulling Dream's pants off. The only thing left between him and his friend's cock was Dream's thin boxer briefs. *The final hurdle*, George thought, internalizing a giggle so as not to confuse Dream.

George had leaned in a lot closer, and he let his hot breath hit Dream's crotch, causing his legs to twitch at the light stimulation. Feeling a little bolder, George leaned in and planted his lips on Dream's clothed erection, eliciting a quiet gasp from him. The sound fueled something inside George, and he felt himself growing hard in his jeans.

Finally starting to feel confident in what he was doing, George opened his mouth and licked his tongue over Dream's bulge, tasting the precum that had soaked the cloth. Another gasp from Dream, this time louder. George quite liked that sound.

"George," Dream panted, clearly not a fan of how slowly his friend was taking things. His mask covered all of his face save for his mouth, but George could see from the tips of his ears that they were both equally flustered.

The fear of what they were doing now a distant memory, George hooked his fingers on opposite sides of the waistband and pulled off the final article of clothing. The first two things that popped into his mind were, one, Dream was *big*, and two, his penis looked... different. Dream seemed to read his mind perfectly, a little chuckle escaping his lips at the sight of George staring wide-eyed and confused at him.

"I guess I never mentioned I was cut," Dream offered for clarification, "or maybe you're just really impressed," he added smugly, instinctively smirking as he received a familiar *shut up, idiot* look from George.

Dream reached down and brushed a few hairs from George's eyes, his smirk morphing into an endearing smile. And George found himself smiling back. It was almost silly, getting all sweet and sappy right before he was going to give his best friend a blowjob, but it made George happy, because this was just who they were, and he honestly wouldn't have it any other way.

The brunette opened his mouth to drag his tongue over Dream's tip, tasting the precum oozing from his slit. The blond let out a low moan. George went a bit further, licking up the bottom of the shaft before taking the tip in his mouth and sucking, circling his tongue around it.

"Fuck, George-" Dream groaned, gripping the edges of the table. George pulled back to admire how Dream's tip glistening from his saliva, and took him in again. Slowly, his lips advanced past the tip, and he tried to avoid scraping his teeth on the shaft. His human instinct told him that you would usually bite down on something in your mouth, but among the many new thoughts clouding his brain, making sure not to harm his friend still remained a top priority.

A low growl rumbled from Dream's throat and his breath was coming in shallow pants. George only had about a quarter left to swallow when he felt Dream's cock hit the back of his throat. Panic struck him as the gag reflex he had managed to restrain finally overtook him, and on top of that he realized that he also hadn't been breathing. He rapidly pulled back, one hand leaning on the floor for support and the other covering his mouth, coughing warm saliva onto his palm.

"Shit, shit! I'm sorry- are you okay?" Dream dropped a hand onto George's shoulder to stabilize him, keeping it there after he got out his last few coughs.

"That was..." *too much*, George almost answered, but he stopped himself.

"I'm fine, I can keep going," he corrected. Now he was a bit ticked off at his friend's protectiveness. He wanted to show Dream that he could hold his own, that he wasn't as delicate as the other man sometimes thought.

George tried a different method this time, bobbing his head back and forth, taking in a little more of Dream each time. He swirled his tongue all over the underside of his shaft, roughly caressing every throbbing vein he could find. Dream was grunting and moaning a lot louder now, gripping the table so hard that his knuckles were turning white. It was clearly taking him a lot of effort not to thrust back into the heat and wetness of George's mouth.

This time George was successful, the full length of Dream's cock now stuffed down his throat. His nose found itself buried in a small tuft of golden hair, and he inhaled his friend's scent, memorizing the musky and familiar aroma. A moan left his own throat, and Dream practically yelped at the new incredible feeling of George vibrating around his length.

"Holy fuck," Dream panted, seemingly in awe at the sight in between his legs. Now was another one of the few moments that George felt genuinely upset at the fact that Dream never took off his mask for him. He wanted to see the face Dream was making right now, see the expression of pleasure he was responsible for creating.

George pulled back, the tip of Dream's spit-coated cock exiting his mouth with a small pop. Dream whined at the loss, and George licked his lips, also discontented with the empty feeling in his throat. They had wandered into a zone of extreme intimacy, and George had hope that he was dissolving whatever reasoning Dream had for hiding his face.

"Dream, please," George said, trying for a very subtle puppy dog look, "I want to see you."

Dream froze, taken aback at George's rare statement of asking him to take his mask off. George stared up at him, and worries began to flood his mind. Had he just ruined the moment? Was Dream angry?

Despite his predictions that all the worst possible outcomes were about to happen simultaneously, George watched as Dream reached up and pulled the mask up and off his face, dropping it on the ground with a clatter.

Strings of dirty blond hair stuck to his sweaty forehead. Freckles danced playfully across his nose and cheeks. Emerald green eyes stared down, glossy with lust. Hundreds of compliments flooded George's mind. He settled on one that was simple but hopefully effective.

"You're bloody gorgeous," George sighed, and he watched in glee as Dream blushed at his words, his shy side making an uncommon appearance.

"You don't look too bad yourself," replied Dream playfully, earning a 'tch' from George. He took a few more seconds to note every little detail in Dream's face before returning to sucking him off. He grabbed one thigh to steady himself and slowly bobbed his head all the way up and down Dream's shaft, feeling his own cock twitch as he watched Dream moan, his glassy green eyes half-lidded and focused on nothing but George.

George had been hard for quite some time now, and he was beginning to ache from lack of stimulation. With his free hand he fumbled at his zipper, undoing his too-tight jeans and slipping his hand into his underwear to pull himself out. George moaned around Dream's cock as he stroked himself, the taller man giving in and thrusting into George's mouth.

They began to speed up, Dream quickly syncing his thrusts with George's movement. The room was filled with panting and moaning and the sticky slap of saliva on skin. At one point, George let out a rather long and powerful groan, and it seemed to flip a switch inside Dream, who was drawing closer and closer to the edge.

"God, fuck!" he growled, grabbing George's hair and tugging him back and forth to try and make him bob faster. George jerked himself harder at the sudden dynamic shift, the fuzzy cloud in his brain only allowing him single-worded thoughts like *more* and *faster* and *DreamDreamDreamDreamDream*.

"You love it, you love it don't you?" Dream snarled lustfully in between breaths, "You love my

cock. You're a dirty little slut for my cock." The best answer George could give was another hard moan. The sudden dirty talk and domination was driving him insane.

"G-George! You... you asked for this. You asked me to get up here... asked for me to fuck your mouth- God! You're such a fucking slut, George, I can't hold it any longer-!" Dream's focus shifted to his last few thrusts before letting out a choked groan as he came. George felt the semen from Dream's throbbing member emptying into his throat and he swallowed it up, finally reaching his own orgasm. His cum splattered onto the crafting table and he pulled back, the last few drops on Dream's cum dripping on his lips. He maintained eye contact with Dream as he licked off, then slumped over and leaned onto Dream's leg as they both tried to calm their breathing.

"Dream..." George croaked. The blond leaned down as George tilted his head up. They just stared for a moment, watching each other's cloudy eyes grow sharp and clear. Dream smiled.

"So glad I won that manhunt," he sighed, and George laughed a bit.

"Maybe losing wasn't so bad either," he mumbled, and Dream raised his eyebrows in mock surprise.

"I mean, I got to see your face!" he clarified, to which Dream replied "Yeah, sure," with a chuckle. He glanced over at his mask, and George hoped he wasn't regretting his decision.

"You didn't have to do it, but... it made me happy." A light blush warmed George's face, but his heart swelled when he saw Dream's eyes crinkle with a smile.

"No, it's alright. Now I won't be as uncomfortable next time." George nodded, and then did a double take as he processed the last two words.

"Wh- next time?!"

Dream smirked.

"Well, you haven't had your turn yet."

End Notes

edit 2-24-21

For clarification, I had been writing a sequel back when I posted this but I am not going to be finishing or posting it. I'm no longer interested in writing DNF and I feel too embarrassed to write more smut. The only reason I haven't orphaned this fic is because it's my most popular one and I'm still kind of proud of it. I'm sorry to disappoint but there will not be a sequel. But thank you for reading :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!